Pillow Talk

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Pillow Talk

by Necronon

Summary

An S2 chat.

The memories return to him fragmented: the radiating heat of a hand, the odor of shaved wood and graphite, the rasp of wool. Then a pencil pinched between fingers, fine wrist and fine cuffs—an arm, a shoulder, a straight back. Hooded eyes and a pink tongue pressed to the ripe, red bow of a mouth. They say hindsight is 20/20, and it leaves Will reeling. They play behind his eyes, high-def secrets extravagantly buried in his subconscious—intimate time capsules unearthed accordingly.

Will sits forward, at first wide-eyed, then soft, then wide again. Hannibal looks up at him from his writing desk.

“Just like this,” Will says.

“Not just,” Hannibal amends.

“A few less scars.” Will draws a measured breath and frowns. “Sans the fire in my head.”

“Sans the fire. I’ve since decided I much prefer your clarity. Tell me what you remember.”

“Aren’t you in a better position to answer that?”

“I want to hear it from you. Tender and raw, while the memory is freshly born, shock trailing behind it like afterbirth.”

“You’ve been waiting.”

“I’ve been hoping.”

“Embarrassment. And...”

“Oh?” Hannibal says, setting his pencil down and placing a hand over the other atop the desk.

“You asked me about the wine I brought.”

“Not just the wine.”

“No, but I’m not talking about the *other things* you did.” Will glances askance and forces a tight smile. “You knew what it was, what I was feeling, before I did.”

“And what was that, Will?”

“Disappointment. You had so many guests. I was just another face at the table—or would have been.”

“But you weren’t.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“You refused to know it.”

“I wondered. Wondered what would have happened, if I’d stayed. After everyone else had gone. If you’d of allowed it. If...”

“You would have overindulged on wine—whiskey, after. I would have had to drive you home.”

“Would you?”

“Yes. I would have helped you to bed. Your lingering scent would keep my company on the way back. And within my home.”

“Y’know, that has the potential to come across as a little creepy.” Will can almost imagine it, the brine of his body and funk of alcohol transposed over the leather seat of Hannibal’s Bentley. Only he doesn’t think it would smell so great.

“Hyperosmia is a luxury with many caveats. There is no harm in enjoying its benefits.”

“You’re lucky I’m accustomed to living with dogs, Doctor.”

Hannibal doesn’t exactly frown, but his lips twitch. “Lucky me.”

“Anyways.” Will sinks into his chair and redirects his gaze. He must be fidgeting too, because Hannibal cants his head curiously. “You won’t need to drive me home in that scenario.”

“I will not allow you to drive intoxicated, Will.”

“That’s not—” Will drags a hand over his face and sighs. *You’re really going to make me spell it out for you?* “I just mean, it doesn’t have to be *my* bed.”

“What do—” The precise moment that Hannibal gets a clue is accompanied by an eager lean forward, broadcasting his interest. Will’s good at it reading it now.

A moment of silence follows, before Hannibal punctuates it with a soft, “Oh.” Then: “Are you free following this appointment?”

“You’re... This is okay? It’s not... inappropriate?”

“Just conversations, Will. And conversations can be had a great many places.”

“*Oh,*” Will echoes.

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